EXPEDITION.

ODE,

To the Tune of the *Britiſh* Grenadiers.

LONDON.

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EXPEDITION

To the Tune of the Royal Grenadiers.

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ODE,

To the Tune of the *Britiſh* Grenadiers.

I Sing two gallant Heroes as ever were of Old;
Of *Ireland* this, of *Scotland* that, of whom the Story's told,
Who to the Coaſt of *France* did go, I'll tell the Tale aright,
Reſolv'd to conquer all the *French*, that came within their Sight.
For they went out to Fight, for they went out to Fight,
Reſolv'd to conquer all the *French*, that came within their Sight.

II.

For St. *Maloes* they ſailed, in Hopes to take the Town,
With Cannons and with Mortars, to beat the Ramparts down,
At St. *Lunaire* they landed, but could no further go.
A River run before the Town ſome three Miles broad, or ſo,
All which they did not know, not know, all which they did not know,
A River run before the Town ſome three Miles broad, or ſo.

III.

To Reconnoitre then they went at Morning, Noon, and Night,
Full ſure the *French* would yield the Place, ſoon as they came in Sight.
Inſtead of which they fired ſome Cannon, Nine or Ten,
And bid theſe Heroes kiſs their Arſe, who then march'd back again.
And were not theſe brave Men, brave Men, and were not theſe brave Men,
To bid theſe Heroes kiſs their Arſe, who then came back again.

IV.

'Odds Bleed, Freind *Teague*, ſays *Sawney*, I have another Scheme,
I'll play the Raſcals ſuch a Trick, of which they cannot dream.
For with three ſingle Companies I once did give my Word,
I'd march to *Lewis* Royal Seat and pluck him by the Beard.

I ſwore it by my Sword, I ſwore it by my Sword,
To march to *Lewis* Royal Seat, and pluck him by the Beard.

V.

And now to make my Menace good, we'll march To-morrow Morn,
We'll go to *Guildo*, *Matignon*, and paſs by *Pont Brient*,
All Towns of Special Note, my Friend, as any in the Land,
I'm ſure there are no Regulars, Militia cannot ſtand.

And pray now mark the End, and pray now mark the End,
I'm ſure there are no Regulars, Militia will not ſtand.

VI.

I'll go my way immediately, and take an armed Band
Of Grenadiers, all choſen Men, who I'll myſelf command,
And find out Roads, if ſuch their be, I've only ſeen the Plan,
All which I'll fairly execute, as I'm an able Man,

For I'm an able Man, Man, Man, for I'm an able Man.
I'll execute this noble Plan, as I'm an able Man.

VII.

But firſt to give a certain Proof, their landing was not Vain,
They Burnt a Fleet of Fiſhing Boats, in Number juſt Thirteen,
They clear'd the Country all around of Pigs, Geeſe, Cocks and Hens,
For theſe Exploits who can deny that theſe were able Men.

And theſe were gallant Men, Men, Men, and theſe were able Men,
To clear the Country all around, of Pigs, Geeſe, Cock, and Hen.

VIII.

But while theſe Troops were on the March, it chanc'd to happen ſo,
When it was leaſt expected they fell among the Foe,

Our Heroes both aſtoniſh'd were, and knew not what to do,
When all the *French* Battalions! appeared full in View,
They knew not what to do, to do, they knew not what do.
When all the *French* Battalions, appeared full in View.

IX.

At laſt it was reſolved to go on Board the Fleet
The Order ſtrait was given, for the Army to retreat.
In which theſe able Men did ſhew, their ſkill was full as great,
And to declare it to the *French* the General was Beat.
Their Courage was ſo great, ſo great, their Courage was ſo great,
That to declare it to the *French*, the General was Beat.

X.

The Army then went to the Beach, and on our Arms we lay,
Oh! How can I attempt to tell what happen'd on that Day,
As how we March'd and counter March'd, and then March'd back again,
Such little ſkill their did appear in theſe our able Men.
What pity was it then, then, then, what pity was it then.
Such little ſkill there did appear in theſe our able Men.

XI.

When from our Bombs and Frigates, our firing firſt begun,
Says Sawney, to his noble Friend, oh! this is pretty Fun,
But when the Batteries of the *French* had fired one ſingle Gun,
With all their ſpeed into the Boats away theſe Heroes ran.
Away our Heroes run, run, run, away theſe Heroes run.
Soon as the *French* had fired, had fired one ſingle Gun.

XII.

What happen'd more I cannot say, let Tears proclaim the rest,
And Heaven receive those Grenadiers that d[illegible]'d at St. *Cas's*,
Like Soldiers brave, they fought, they dy'd, and proved their Antient Race,
May those be d[illegible]n'd that brought them there, I'll say it to their Face,
To *England* what Disgrace, Disgrace, to *England* what Disgrace,
May those be d——n'd that brought them there, I'll say it to their Face,

FINIS.